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The Poetry vol 26

K
Cambro-Britannic Engineer:

OR THE

Original Mouse-Trapp-Maker.

A

Mock-Heroic-Poem,

In Commemoration of

St. *DAVID*'S-DAY.

Parturient MONTES, nascetur ridiculus MUS. Hor.

By a Gentleman of OXFORD.

To which are added,

Some Occasional and *Humorous*

BUBBLE-LETTERS:

Written to the Merry Journalists, in the mad Year
1720: In which are inserted, *Asop's Stock-Jobbing*
Dog; a FABLE: And the *South-Sea-Penitent*; a
PASTORAL: Never before published.

By the same Hand.

L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by J. ROBERTS in *Warwick-Lane,*
MDCCXXII. (Price, 6d.)

T. March.

THE

Original Map-Maker

OF THE

Original Map-Maker

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Original Map-Maker



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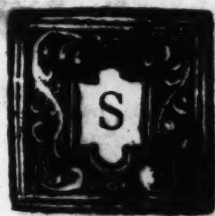
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THE
Cambro-Britannic Engineer :
 OR THE
 Original Mouse-Trapp-Maker.
 A
 Mock-Heroic-Poem, &c.



IN G, heav'nly Muse, in Lays harmo-
 nious sing
 The CAMBRO-BRITAIN, whose prolifick
 Brain,
 First form'd an ENGINE, to the jovial
 MICE ;
 Ill-boding, menacing, Destruction dire :
 And Thou, All-powerful *Phæbus*, deign to aid
 Her Flight audacious : erst (as Poets sing)
 Thou once profess'd thy self to MICE a Foe,
 Dreadful, implacable ; nor scorn to own
 Some lofty *Cambrian Mount*, which lifts its Head

High as *Parnassus* ; but from thence dart down
Thy Influence, while she pursues her Theme,
Tho' trivial, in sublime, MILTONICK Verse.

To Plunder, and to Rapine giv'n, a Mouse,
Horrible Monster ! Wander'd from Dish to Dish,
And knew no Danger, for she knew no Gin :

Long exercis'd the fly, *Mercurial* Art,
Unpunish't, uncontroul'd ; nor left untoucht
Brown Bread, or white, or Milk, or Bacon rough,
Or fragrant Cheese, delicious in Decay.

And, tho' unwelcome, came a constant Guest,
Daring, audacious, nor would bear Repulse :

In vain with Walls, and Bars, and folded Doors,
They strove to stop his Entrance ; for with Teeth,
As Razors keen, he'd gnaw his Passage thro',
And taste of Food, delicious without cost.

But whilst this Pest Malevolent spread o're
The gloomy Face of this Terrestrial Globe,
In thee, O *Cambria*, chief she tyranniz'd ;
For Cheese, thy choicest Product, tempting smells,
And odorous, which the MICE, mere Epicures,
Not, as all other Viands, only taste,
Or lightly nibble, curious, delicate,
Dainty, not liking, but with greedy Eyes,
And greedier Teeth voracious, from the Morn
To Even excavate the solid Mass,
And midst their Eatables prepare their Dome.

At this the CAMBRO-BRITAINS vext, with Fury
burn,

And Indignation : Madness, and deep Revenge
Tear their swoln Breasts : Their Eyeballs fiery red
Appear, with glowing Vengeance, and Despair.

They

They fret, they fume, from Cliff to Cliff they rove
 Wandring, impatient; for these Passions, *Hate*,
Malice, and *Discord* naturally shake
 Their State of Mind: For Reason never rules,
 But sensual Appetite claims constant sway.
 Thus, prompted by their Rage, they doom their Foe
 With one Consent to Punishment condign:
 But by what means to apprehend this Foe,
 And put in Execution their Design,
 They know not, dubious, for GRIMALKIN stern,
 But trivial aid (if any) cou'd afford.
 Vain were her Ambuscades, her narrow Watch,
 And sly, and subtle Motions tow'rd the Mouth
 Of the small Concave Dome; the Mouse secure,
 Fearless within the narrow Compass lies,
 Nor dreads her hostile Paws; *Greater* than she
 By being *Less*; if happily he espies
 His watchful Guardian at his narrow Port,
 He soon sculks in, and thro' the dark Recess
 Runs winding, to GRIMALKIN's bulky, Paths
 Unpassable, impervious; yet nor dares
 To peep abroad, or new Excursions make,
 'Till his dire Enemy removes her Camp,
 And Danger, with her Person, disappears.

Thus whileom CAMBRIA (pardon the Compare)
 Baffled victorious CÆSAR; when to his Arms
 Invincible *Britannia* yielded, and
 Confest him *Lord Supreme*, him Homage paid.
 For thus each CAMBRO-BRITON strait repair'd
 To craggy Hill, or lofty Mountain, safe Retreat;
 Impregnable by Nature, not by Art.

Thus, in the Conclave Cliffs they sculk'd, they hid,

Midst

Midst of Destructive, Ruin, safe, secure,
 And tho' of conqu'ring Thoughtless, yet disdain'd
 To be o'come ; nor were, tho' fled, o'come.

At this pufft up, their *Genealogies*
 In length prodigious they produce, and boast
 Their *Land* unconquer'd, and their *Tongue* antique.

Thus when the Mouse long time GRIMALKIN
 'scap'd

Watchful, Death menacing, and no Relief,
 Nor Consolation from her Care was found ;
 Two HERALDS, by the Nation's strict Command,
 With awful Ceremony, and with Trumpets found,
 Proclaim a COUNCIL forthwith to be held

In the remotest Part of all their Land,
 Where now St. DAVID'S (once in high Renown)
 Her Title to a *Bishoprick* deplores

Deficient, *Shadow* of what once she was.

The *Summons* heard, the SENATE hither came
 With Hundreds, and with Thousands on their way
 Attended, who with sulph'rous Scent the Place per-
 fum'd.

When strait a SENATOR with Conic Beard,
 In length prodigious, Philosophic, and
 With Hands by fowl Disease scab'd o're, all rough,
 To Sight ungrateful, stammering in his Speech,
 Midst of the *Grand Audience* thus began.

" 'Tisn't 'cause open War, or Foreign Pow'r

" Infests us, that we're here in Council met ;

" But what's more dangerous, a Domestick Foe.

" Shall then, my Friends, my Countrymen, shall then

" A Haughty Insolent Mouse the Tyrant play

" For ever unoppos'd, to CAMBRIA'S Shame,

" And

" And constant Obloquy ? Let Us, on whom
 " Our *Country's* future Woe or Bliss depends,
 " With Force united, and with Arms, Essay
 " To Disenthronè this proud *Usurper*, and
 " Compose our present Evils; then, while the Name
 " Of Great CADWALADER on *Cambrian* Hills
 " In Lays harmonious, is sung, or pip'd,
 " Shall this Day's Work be Trumpeted by Fame.

He Ended frowning, and before their Eyes
 Producing various Fragments, the Remains
 Of an Old Mouldy Cheese the Mous had eat,
 Added new Fuel to their Flames; and now
 Desirè of quick Revenge, and pleasing Praise,
 Move 'em alternately; Each does devise
 Unheard of Torments, of all Terms of Peace
 Thoughtless, should Terms of Peace be sought.

But One Ycleped TAFFY, soon arose,
 Great *Cambria's* chiefeft Pride, who seem'd alone
 For Dignity compos'd, and high Exploit;
 Both *Pulcrum*, and a *Senator*, whose Tongue
 Dropping down Manna, charming to the Ear,
 With soft persuasive Accent thus began.

" If Cheese, most NOBLE PEERS, our Nation's
 boast,

" Should be by this intestine Foe destroy'd,

" I dread the Consequence; the Poorer sort

" Inevitably must one Meal forego,

" And you one dainty Course (Afflictions great

" Which O ye Gods avert ! ") then here he paus'd;

(For Grief had stop't the Organs of his Speech)

But soon recovering, his Discourse renew'd.

" Since

" Since therefore, nor the Dint of *Cambrian Arms*,
 " Nor sharp GRIMALKIN's Paws avail, I'll try
 " What my Right Hand, my Art can do, t' expell
 " Mine, and to me what's more, my *Country's* Foe.

He scarce had finisht, when such Murmur fill'd
 The Crowd, as when the Woods, and Rocks retain
 The Sound of blust'ring *Boreas* : Such Applause
 Was heard as TAFFY Ended ; All demand
 To know this *New Invention*, Instrument
 Of promis'd Joy to them, to MICE of Woe.

TAFFY some time deliberating sat,
 Scratching his *Pericranium* (Custom old,
 Approv'd expedient, when in pensive Mood
 The CAMBRO-BRITAIN sits, and deep in Thought)
 Smiling Majestick, full as *Delphian Priest*,
 To all the PEERS on either Hand thus spake.

" Last Night, when tir'd with Work, and Thought
 I lay

" Coucht on my matted Bed, and gentle Sleep
 " With soft Oppression seiz'd my drowzed Sense ;
 " A bold presumptuous MOUSE, by frequent Scent
 " Of toasted Cheese invited, frait approacht
 " My Mouth wide-gaping, and with agile Leap
 " Rush'd down my Throat impetuous, and within,
 " Plund'ring my Magazine of all her Store,
 " Alarm'd, I suddenly awoke ; mean while
 " The MOUSE, conscious of Guilt, with equal Speed
 " Retir'd, and passing by those hostile Guards,
 " Now watchful, was surpriz'd betwixt their Points,
 " And left his Breath with gushing Blood effus'd.
 " Thus then instructed that our common Foe
 " Might be imprison'd, and his Power restrain'd ;
 " Thoughtful

" Thoughtful of what had happen'd, I resolv'd
 " T' exert my Skill *Vulcanian*, and compose
 " (As Fancy shou'd suggest) a Murdrous TRAP.
 " (O Wonderous ! With what Constant, steddy Care
 " Does the right Hand of the Dread Thund'rer Jove
 " Manage all Secrets!) Thus the silly MOUSE
 " Prime Cause of all our Misery, and Woe,
 " To his own Ruin, and Perdition sure,
 " First Remedy prescrib'd with good Effect :
 " Nor scorn Instruction, tho' from one so mean,
 " 'Tis worthy Praise to learn ev'n from a Foe.

He said ; departing, all the fav'ring Crowd
 With deafning Shouts return'd him loud Acclaim ;
 Wishing him all Success, Elate with Joy.

Th' *Assembly* thus broke up, Each to his Home
 Repairs lithsom, and to his GODS relates
 TAFFY'S Emprize; and whilst they invoke
 Their Aid on his Behalf, (if Fame lye not)
 With more than usual Mirth GRIMALKIN skipt,
 Winding her Tail in many a Wreath, Careless,
 Unmindful of her Food, or by Presage,
 Or Instinct, thoughtful of far happier Days.

TAFFY, mean time, with busy Thought intent
 On this *Great Work*, by divine *Palla's* Aid
 Erects a MOUSE-TRAPP wondrous to behold.

Now fail me not, O Muse, who thee implores
 Submissively for Aid, while I describe
 This Artificial *Fabrick*, Godlike *Work*..

Its *Zenith*, and its *Nadir* was compos'd
 Of Wood form'd Quadrate ; on each side
 A Row of strong retentive Wyre : The Dome
 Stood (as it were) on various Pillars propt :

The treach'rous Entrance lay wide ope, to MICE
 Seemingly hospitable, but o're Head
 The Door hung ticklish, menacing or Death,
 Or strict Confinement. In the midst there stood
 A Column rais'd up forky, on whose Top
 A Beam, Lath-like lay cross, whose utmost Points
 Stretch'd equal Distance both ways: One depress'd,
 The other does the Door contiguous uplift.
 Within, from the House-Top, a Wyre hangs down
 Dangling, the Sport of every Wind, or Touch,
 Whose lower part, crooked like Fish-hook, held
 The Bait sweet-scenting, and whose topmost Point
 Toucht lightly the thin Beam; which, when the
 MOUSE

Unwary, nibbling, moves it, strait lets go,
 Claps down the Door, and holds her Captive bound.

Thus all compos'd, and order'd, TAPPY soon
 Baits the deceitful Hook, and makes ev'n Food,
 Preservative of Life, the Means of Death.
 But First, to make it more delicious, and to MICE
 More grateful, odoriferous, *Toasts* it well.

Darkness now rising, and from End to End
 Night's Hemisphere veiling the Horizon round,
 And timely Dew of Sleep with slumbrous Weight
 Closing his Eyelids; at his Head he fixt
 His Guardian MOUSE-TRAPP; so secure repos'd.

Mean time the jovial MICE (a turbulent ROUT)
 Dance up and down presumptuous, trusting
 To the Dark Covert of th' Opacous Night.
 When, on a Sudden their great *Chieftain* Snuffs,
 Scenting the Cheese, and under Planet BORN
 Malevolent, makes towards the hostile TRAPP

At first the Lattice barr'd his way ; enrag'd,
 Not able to endure so base Repulse,
 Wrinkling his Nose, from Place to Place he hies,
 And by sagacious Beard explores the Door :
 And now th' irremiable Threshold past possess'd
 Of what he wish'd, devours the fatal Bait.

TAFFY the joyous Sound o'rehearing, which the
 Door

High Pendant, clapping down, had made, arose
 Triumphant, and with winged Speed prepar'd
 To welcome to his TRAPP his unknown Guest :
 And now th' imprison'd MOUSE with Fury burns
 And deep Despair ; between the distant Bars,
 With Force impetuous, runs his frantick Head,
 And with contracted Brow attacks the Wyre,
 Implacable, and impotent to bear
 His Mighty Grief : So when the Griefly Boar
 Once sees himself beset, in Toils enclos'd,
 He whets his Tusks, he looks aghast, he frets,
 Erects his Hide, and foaming churns the Ground.

Soon as to re-salute the World with Light
Leucothoe wak'd, and with fresh Dews embalm'd
 The Earth, the CAMBRO-BRITAINS quit their
 Mounts,

All conscious of the News, with winged Speed.

For now the Ass his Gravity forgetting,
 Wanton, lascivious, as the *Goat* ascends
 The Mountains, on whose Tops he brays,
 Wide-gaping, imitating *Cambrian Herald*,
 And thrice proclaims aloud Great TAFFY's Name,
 And to his Friends, high pleas'd, the General Joy.

Sounds ominous, the Owl at Midnight flying,
Thro' every Town, with Beak uncomly bent,
Screams out to MICE the Trump of doleful Doom.
The Hills brought forth, the CAMBRO-BRITAINS
flockt

In Numbers numberless from every place,
From *Pembrook*, *Merioneth*, and *Merlins Walls*,
Glamorgans fruitful Soil, and from the Banks
Of *Vaga's* lucid Stream, and from the Mounē
Of *Gomer*. When in a circular Form
The Crowd promiscuous flood, TAFFY produc'd
His Captive, and insulting, thus began.

" In vain thou strugglest, thou by Fate art doom'd
" My Victim ; On my Altar shalt thou burn :
" Thy Blood shall here be spilt, Memorial
" Of our Nation's Joy. All Hopes are vain,
" All Flight th' inexorable Door denies.
" Thou shalt have Torments equal to thy Crimes,
" (If possible) — Not *Sisyphus's* Toil,
" Not all *Ixion's* Pangs, when on the Wheel,
" Dire Consequence of *Tartar*, nor the Smart
" *Prometheus* felt on *Caucasus*, or huge
" Gigantic *Tyrius*, when with Thunder struck,
" Shall stand in Competition with thy Woe.

He scarce had finish'd, when from Sunny Top
Of that same Dome GRIMALKIN leapt, where oft
She lay in lazy Mood, stretcht out at length ;
The Captive, spying his Foe advancing stern,
His Ears erects, his crooked Back humps up,
Nor dares to make Excursion ; most secure
In his once hated Prison Walls, he hugs
His pleasing Chain, 'till by main Strength of Arm

Oblig'd

Oblig'd to quit his Hold, GRIMALKIN's Paws
 Salute him roughly, struggling to escape.
 No Truce on any Terms is granted, she her Joy,
 By waving of her flexile Tail declares,
 And wanton Leap : Now on the Ground supine,
 Sedulous, she eyes the MOUSE ; now gently pats
 Her Neck with her clentcht Claws, pretending Love,
 While in her Heart she meditates Revenge ;
 Thus Triumphs barbarous, and the Tyrant plays.
 Now she with Sporting tir'd, her inward Rage
 No more dissembling, whets her fatal Teeth,
 And like a Lion falls npon her Prey,
 Grumbling, with Hunger pincht, and Limb from Limb
 Divides, obdurate, Merciless, the trembling MOUSE.

Whilst now the joyous *Populace* behold
 The wisht-for-End of their Intestine Foe,
 With loud Acclaim they rend the vaulted Skies ;
 And *Eccho* Speechless, but when others speak,
 Catching their Voice, well pleas'd, returns the Sound.
Plinlimmon's Hills, and *Snowdon's* lofty Mounts,
 And *Brechin's* and the Ditch of *Offa* join
 In Chorus, to compleat the General Joy.

Thou TAFFY shalt for ever live, thy Name,
 Thy Genius all-excelling, on *Record* shall stand :
 Ev'n now, each CAMBRO-BRITAIN, solemnly
 One Day in the revolving Year observes,
 Of thee Memorial, and thy great Exploits ;
 And, in their Country's Honour, crown their Brows
 With odoriferous, never-fading L E A K.

F I N I S.

Oblivion to give his Hold, GRIMMICK'S PAWS
 Shout his roughly, struggling to escape
 No trace on any Terms is granted, the net joy
 By waving of her flexible Tail declares
 And wastes away : Now on the Ground to pine,
 Tedious, the eyes the Mouse ; now gently pats
 Her Neck with her clematis Claws, pretending I love,
 While in her Heart the meditates Revenge ;
 Thus Triumphs barbarous, and the Tyrant plays
 Now the with sporting bird, her inward Rage
 No more disturbing, when her fatal Tooth,
 And like a lion talks upon her prey,
 Grumbling, with Hunger pinches, and lurches from him
 Divides, divides, Mordred, the trembling Mouse.
 Whiff now the joyous, Puckish behold
 The wither-for-End of their Justice Foe,
 With loud Acclaim they and the vaulted Skies ;
 And Echo speechless, but when others speak,
 Catching their Voice, well pleased, returns the sound.
 Whimpering Hills, and Summer's lofty Mounts,
 And Twicken's and the Ditch of Off join
 In Chorus to complete the General joy.
 Then I am glad for ever live, thy Name
 Thy Genius all-excelling, on Kew shall stand :
 Ev'n now, each Camaro-BRAIN, solemnly
 One Day in the revolving Year observe
 Of thee Memorial, and thy great Exploit ;
 And in their Country's Honour, crown their Brows
 With edifying, never-fading I. E. A. K.

Several Occasional and Humorous
BUBBLE-LETTERS,

Written to the
Merry JOURNALISTS,

In the Mad YEAR 1720.

In which are inserted, *Æsop's Stock-Jobbing-Dog*; a
FABLE: And the *South-Sea-Penitent*; a PASTORAL:
Never before published.

By the same Hand.

Si Populus Vult decipi, decipiatur.

———— *Risum tencatis Amici?* Hor.



L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by J. ROBERTS in *Warwick-Lane*;
MDCCXXII.



Occasional and Humorous
Bubble-Letters, &c.

LETTER I.

Mr. MIST,



O want a Dinner in a Land that flows with
 Milk and Honey, and to have never a
 Cross to bless One's self withal, in a
 City where Millions are rais'd by Chi-
 mæra's, in less time than *Mushroom* by a shower of
 Rain, are Torments too difficult, with any tolerable
 Patience to be born. Sure some ill Planet rul'd
 when I was born! I have all my Life been building
Castles in the Air, yet cou'd never get a Lodging in any
 one of them. All my Attempts hitherto have prov-
 ed as unsuccessful, as the renown'd *Don Quixot's*, tho'
 I have Spurr'd my *Genius* more Vigorously than ever
 he did his *Rosinante*, at that fatal Attack of the *Miller's*

C

Windmill.

Windmill. In a word, I am driven to my *Derniere Resorte*, and depend upon Nothing in this World, but a **NEW THOUGHT** and the Encouragement of so generous a Benefactor as Mr. *Mist*. You will be a Master of the Secret, by perusing the *Enclosed Advertisement*, which, if you approve of, and are so kind as to publish in your's of *Saturday* next, you shall have an Hundred PERMITTS to the Intended Subscription gratis. To Confess the truth, I had a great Inclination to insert it in the *Daily Courant*, or *Daily Post*; but the Rogues the Printers would not oblige me under three and Sixpence a piece, and half a Crown to Drink, if I expected it in the front of their Paper; and I could as soon have raised the Devil for them, as the Sum they proposed. I promised them indeed some *Stock*; but they declin'd it saying it smelt too strong of ASSURANCE: To you alone therefore must I fly for Succour, and on you alone must my future good, or Ill fortune intirely depend. If you will give your self the Trouble either to Correct, or Improve this PROJECT you will lay the greatest Obligation imaginable on the most Unfortunate fellow that ever 'scaped Hanging. I am, with the profoundest Respect,

Sir,

Your unknown Friend

and humble Servant,

A. Z.

P. S. Since the forming the inclosed, Another Thought is come into my Head for the further Improvement

provement of the *Cupola* therein mentioned, which I shall wholly submit to your superiour Judgment. The thing is this, That to prevent the Quality from flocking from *St. James's* to *Exchange-Alley*, and the Ladies the vast Expence of hiring private Rooms for the more commodious Reception of their respective Brokers, STOCK BAROMETERS shall be fixed all round the said *Cupola* (those planted SOUTHWARD to be considerably larger than the others) by which (with the Help of a particular Glass, to be had only of the *Projector*, at 2 s. 6 d. each) the Rise and Fall of the Thousand several Stocks now on Foot will be clearly discern'd with the small Pains of retiring only into their upper Apartments.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS, within this Twelvemonth last past, there have been erected several *Royal Societies*, for a General Consumption of Fish, and other *Honourable Societies* for a plentiful Profusion of Salt to pickle the same; and very lately another for a general Collection of Eggs, and churning of May-Butter, to render the aforesaid Fish still more agreeable: AND WHEREAS in all Probability the said several Undertakings will be a great Invitation to *Foreigners*, but particularly the *Dutch*, to come over to us, and partake of the last mentioned *Manufacture*, whereby the Number of Inhabitants in and about the City of *London* will be very much increased: AND WHEREAS the aforesaid Entertainment is allowed on all Hands to be deficient, unless 'tis accompanied with a plentiful Profusion of good

Liquor, to make the same swim a third Time: It IS THEREFORE PROPOSED, and a *Subscription* will very shortly be laid open accordingly, to raise a *Fund*, or *Joint Stock*, of 10,000,000, for erecting a GENERAL BREW-HOUSE in the Center of the City of *London*, for the more commodious, and ready Supply of the Inhabitants with the best of Strong Beer, Ale, and other Malt Liquors, at more reasonable Rates than can at present be afforded: AND the *Projector* hereof considering the general Drowth that must necessarily follow a General Destruction of *Salt Fish*, and what a Probability there is of our Citizens Shops being turned into *Tap-Houses*, unless timely prevented; and considering what a Scandal such a *Metamorphosis* would be to the Metropolis of *Great Britain*, FURTHER PROPOSETH, that Pipes shall be laid under Ground, for the private Conveyance of any Liquor into such Persons Cellars as shall be willing to agree for the same, in the same Manner as the said Inhabitants are now supply'd with *Thames* and *New-River-Water*; Each House-keeper paying so much *per Quarter*, as shall be mutually agreed on between them, and this intended SOCIETY who shall sit every *Wednesday* and *Friday*, from nine in the Forenoon, till one, to treat with their Customers: AND (to make this *Undertaking* still more useful) IT IS PROPOSED, to erect a Commodious STILL-HOUSE adjoining to the said BREW-HOUSE, to supply the Ladies Closets in the same private Manner, with *Rum*, *Ratafia*, *Usquebaugh*, and right *Nants*; and for the Convenience of the Inferiour sort, to lay a particular Pipe for the Conveyance of right *Holland*

Land Ginn, or English Juniper, at very reasonable Rates.
 SEALED PERMITS to the said *Subscription* will in a few Days be delivered out, at 2 s. 6 d. each Permitt; of which timely Notice shall be given in the *London-Gazette, or Daily-Post.*

N. B. For the further Improvement of the said *Undertaking*, and to prevent the vast Expence of *Horses, Drays, &c.* the whole will effectually be carried on, not as other things of this Nature, by *Fire or Water*, but by a new Invention of a WIND ENGINE, to be erected on the *Cupola* of the said BREW-HOUSE, which will be an incredible Advantage to the Proprietors.

The FIRST CALL, which will be but 5 s. per Cent, will be laid out in employing proper Officers for Collecting and Bottling *Hampstead, Highgate*, and other *Airs* for the better working the said ENGINE in Calm Weather.

The *Virtuosi* of *Gresham*, and the two *Universities*, will have the Preferencce for the first Fortnight.



LETTER II.

Mr. MIST,

I *Ngratium si dixeris, Omnia dixeris.* Call a Man Ungrateful, and you call him all the Rogues and Rascalls in the Kingdom: And he that wont pay his Debts, when a few good Words will ballance his Accounts with his Creditor, deserves to wear a *Stone Doublet* all his Life-time: I am at a Loss there-
 fore

fore to find out proper Terms to express my Acknowledgments, for the Favour you so lately did me ; not only in publishing my *Project*, but setting it in so fair, and clear a Light : At the first View of it I was highly transported, and my good *Genius* buoy'd me up with the Hopes of being carest for a second *LAW* : But my *Left-handed One*, taking Pleasure in Mischief, swore he would proclaim it on the Cupola of *St. Paul's* for a damn'd BUBBLE, and that I should not get a Tester by the *Undertaking* ; and I find the malicious *Fiend* has been as good as his Word. For I have made it my Business to creep into all Places where your Paper meets with any Reception, and have listned with as much Attention, as a Sow in a Bean-field, to the various Remarks of the Multitude upon it ; and, to my no small Mortification, am oblig'd to tell you 'tis universally rejected, and treated with all the Tokens of Ignominy, and Contempt. Having some Grace in me, I am hourly put to the Blush, and my Friends, by way of *Bam*, have dubb'd me with *Don Quixot's* Nick-Name, the Knight of the woeful Countenance. The *Tories* damn it, the *Whigs* protest against it, the *Quality* will have nothing to do with it, and the *Commonalty* are afraid on't : The *Jews* have given it their Anathema ; the *Greshamites* blow upon it, and *Oxford* has declined it. The *Tories* affirm 'tis a Design upon the Church, and that *St. Paul's* is in Danger, as it was in *Old Noll's* Time, of being turn'd into a *Stable* ; the *Whigs* have alarm'd all their reforming Constables, and given them express Orders to pull up the Pipes as soon as laid, as unrighteous

Conveyances of Rioting and Drunkenness. The Quality are too squeamish, or rather too delicate to encourage the *Malt Manufacture*; but say, had *Champaign* and *Burgundy* been propos'd, instead of *Beer* and *Ale*; and had 50*l.* per Cent been intended to be called, instead of 5*l.* that none but good honest *Tilbury Roysters* might have been admitted, they might have been induc'd to favour the *Subscription*. The *Porters* and *Hackney-Coachmen* are of Opinion my Liquor will lose its Strength, and never be able to bear a good *Head*; imagining the Spirits will evaporate in the Distance of the Conveyance. The *Jews* assert it would have been a direct Tendency to make Men *Swine*; and *Pork*, all the World knows, is their natural Aversion. The *Greshamites* indeed allow that the bottling of Wind is practicable enough; but are of Opinion our *English Air* is too weak for carrying on so great a *Work*; and that unless the MANAGERS send over to *Lapland*, and give an Invitation to the *Witches* there, to come over with a Cargo of their boisterous Storms, the *Project* will never do. The *Oxonians* indeed are no ill-Wishers to Malt-juice, but then nothing but *Mother Hackett's Ale* will down with them; and that is, Mr. *Mist*, under the *Rose*, as *SPILLER* says, main good *Pozzy Rozzy*. In short, there are no Persons that I can hear of, give it a tolerable good Word, but some of your fat *Citizens Wives*, and a Knot of old *Market-Women*. My *Glass Project* too meets with the same unhappy Fate; for some Nights ago I squeez'd into the *With-drawing-Room* at *St. James's*; where, amongst other Discourse, the Ladies

Ladies were talking of my *Stock Barometers*, and *half Crown Glasses*. Says one of them (with an Air of Assurance, and Affectation) Methinks the *Projector* of that *Whim Wham* was but a shallow Politician; for, for my part, and I believe I speak the Sentiments of the Majority here present, that I had rather been seen *in the Stocks* once, than squinting at 'em a hundred times. In fine, I am mortify'd to the last Degree; insomuch that tho' I had thoughts of being a *Great Man*, and made at least *Secretary* to my own Project, a *Clerkship* in any *Hedge Brew-House*, that retails nothing but Rat-gut Small Beer will be esteemed a *Preferment*: If therefore you can recommend me to any Place whatever, where I may eat and drink like a Christian, you'll save his Majesty a Loyal Subject, by preventing him from hanging, or starving, and your self a sincere Friend, and faithful, tho' unknown

humble Servant

A. Z.



LETTER III.

Mr. MIST,

TIS some considerable Time ago since I laid before you my unhappy Circumstances, and put in a modest Petition for a *Clerkship* even to a *Small-Beer Brew-House*. You cannot but recollect the Occasion of it, I mean the Disappointment I met with

with in the *Project* I had then on Foot, and which at that time, you seem'd to approve of, and assur'd the Town it was so calculated, that there was no Danger of its falling under the Censure or Displeasure of the Government. As you are sensible I design'd you a large Gratuity had I succeed-
ed, I hope you will not wholly disregard the good Will of your intended Benefactor. I then told you, if you remember, I was in a fair way of starving, and nothing but Christian Patience, and a perfect Retirement from the World, has kept me ever since in the Land of the Living. I am at present (purely to support Nature) *Garroteer* to a *Grubstreet-Printer*, and have barely a Journeyman Taylor's Wages, two Shillings a Day, with the additional Allowance of a Pint of Drink, and a half penny Loaf in a Morning. I can't beat it out of my Head (as I have now begun to act in your Sphere) it might lye in your Power to prefer me. I must needs tell you, that as my Constitution is naturally Splematick, and that too sowr'd with the Plague of Poverty, I think my self duly qualified to write a SATYR upon the Times. As the Subject is too Copious and Extensive ever to be Exhausted, and, as *Horace* assures us, *Indignatio facit Versum*, especially where 'tis rais'd in one that has been bit, I can't think but I could be pretty *smart* upon such an Occasion: However, I would'nt attempt any thing of that Nature without your Advice. For my *Top-Performance* at present, you must know, extends no farther than a *Party-Ballad*. As before, if you remember, I sent you a Specimen of my Hand-Writing,

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to

to testify my Qualification as a *Clerk*; so, I presume, it will not be amiss to give you a Taste of my Talent at *Doggrell*, to enable you to form some tolerable Judgment of my Ability to carry on the intended *Undertaking*. I shall therefore lay before you a *short Reflection* on my self, for being not only a *Bubble-biter*, but being *Bubble-bit*. 'Tis the Fable of the *Dog and the Shadow*; a Story as old as *Paul's*, and under the *Rose*, in some Measure stoln. But I think I may be indulg'd a Liberty, which some of our most celebrated Modern Writers have taken without a Blush. My LORD FOPPINGTON'S *Nonjuror*, you know, is but the *Tartuff* in Masquerade, and were you to strip any other of his numerous Performances of its borrow'd Plumes, 'twould look for all the World like his Brother TAM, a damn'd impudent Fellow, and make but an awkward Figure, *strap my Vitals*. If you think in your Conscience I deserve Encouragement, relieve me from my *Garret*. Upon the bare Hopes of Success, I have made bold to Christen my intended Paper, THE PROJECTOR, Numb. 1. I propose wholly for that *Leviathan*, THE SOUTH SEA. Numb. 2. For the *Fishpoole*: And therein I intend to introduce Mr. *Patentee*, and Mr. *Assignee*, discoursing on the secret Pleasure and solid Satisfaction that attend those, who square all their Actions according to the strict Rules of Honour, Honesty, and a Conscience void of Offence. In Numb. 3. I shall endeavour to demonstrate, that the *Surfing Directors* are better Mathematicians than those of *Sadler's-Hall*; tho' the one as wisely trusted a *Brace* of *Bankrupts* with their whole Call of 20 l. per Share

as the other laid out part of their Capitald in the South Sea at 750 l. per Cent. Numb. 4. I have allotted for the LOGWOOD Projection; tho' I must tell you as a Friend, I design *that Paper* shall be *singularly dull* for some particular Reasons. But I have my Excuse ready at Hand, *Aliquando bonus Dormitat Homerus*. And thus I design to proceed, till I gradually descend to the last Step in the long Scale of BUBBLES. I hope you'll excuse me for putting my *Bratt* so forward before I heard from you, since, if you shall think him not worth rearing, I'll throw him immediately upon the *Parish*; and they, for their own Interest, will take care to stifle him before he grows up to Maturity. *I am,*

Sir,

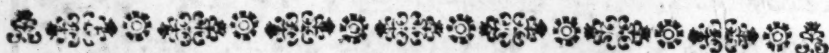
Your obliged humble Servant,

A. Z.

P. S. I have *Another Piece* just ready for the Press, which I have Entitled, *The Unhappy Stock-Jobber : or, The South Sea Penitent*. Now as I have a general Commission from my *Master* to Print what I think proper, whether he be privy to it or not, and as Poverty is a ready Inlet to all Roguery, I am strangely tempted to expose it to Sale. And if 'twill not answer Paper and Print (which by the way I am a little afraid of) 'tis my *Master's*, and he is bound in Honour and Conscience, you know, to stand to the Loss on't. If it takes a Run, 'tis *my own*; and he can't in Honour or Conscience pretend to say Claim to it. This I am very sensible has been, and still

is

is the Practice of the *Alley-Bubblers*, and pray tell me why it shall not be as justifiable in us *Grubstreet-Pamphleteers*. I know you'r a *shrewd Casuist*, and shall be wholly guided in this Affair by your Determination.



The DOG and the SHADOW.

IN Days of Yore, a *Farmer's Dog*
 (To use fam'd *Æsop's* APOLOGUE)
 Took a sly Tour around his Kitchen,
 (As *Joan* her Tatter'd Gown was stitching,
 And *John* was busy sitting nigh her,
 Telling Love-Stories at the Fire)
 And squinted *East, West, North, and South*,
 To find out something for the Mouth.
 And in the *Pantry* on a Hook
 He spy'd a *Leg of Mutton* stuck.
 This, this must be the lucky Minute,
 Or else, quoth he, the Devil's in it :
 So up he mounts on his fore Paws,
 And gripes the *Joynt* between his Jaws.

But now I've got, thinks he, my Booty,
 Least *Joan* should scold, or *John* should shoot me ;
 For Preservation sake, 'tis better
 To dine to Day across the Water.

Now here 'tis proper to be noted,
 That TOWZER's Master's House was moted :
 So in he jumps with his *Titt Bit*,
 And long'd on t'other Side to get.

The fam'd *Leander* could'nt more
 Desire to Land on *Hero's* Shoar.
 But as the *Moat* was smooth, and clear,
 And gilt with Sun-beams here, and there,
 The *Shadow* of his New-got Prize
 Presents it self before his Eyes.
Gadzooks, says he, here's Noble Luck !
 Here's Profit ! here's *Encrease of Stock* !
 Here's *Cent per Cent* got in a trice !
 This *Stock-fobbing's* a rare Device.
 He said — and at the *Shadow* snaps,
 And down the *Leg of Mutton* drops :
 Too late he finds what he has done,
 And sees at once his Dinner gone.
 Speechless a while the PUPPY stood,
 And lowr'd on the deceitful Flood :
 But at the last all drown'd in Tears,
 He curst his Fate, and shook his Ears.

Was ever senseless DOG so bit ?
Had Ever WHELP so little Wit ?
T' involve himself in so much Trouble
For a MEER SHADOW, a MEER BUBBLE ?



LETTER IV.

To the Author of the London Journal.

SIR,

IF the Enclosed *Pastoral* should neither prove too
 dull for the Entertainment of the Town, nor too
 long

long to be inserted in your Paper, The Disconsolate *Damon* would think it some Alleviation to his Misfortunes to be admitted into the Company of *Cato*, and the fair *Sylvia*. I can assure you the *Shepherd* was Once a Worthy Citizen of *London*, tho' now an unhappy Inhabitant of *Alsatia*. If his Muse therefore Flags her Wings sometimes, you must attribute it to the dull foggy Climate in which she lives. The Air of the *Mint* bears no Proportion to that on *Mount Parnassus*, besides he frankly owns he wasn't born a Poet, and that when he wrote, his Pen was inspir'd with nothing but the Spirit of Indignation. He Submits his Composition therefore to your Superiour Judgment, and Consigns it to the Flames, or the Press, according as it meets with your Censure, or Approbation.

I am,

Sir,

Your humble Servant.



T H E



*The unhappy Stock-Jobber: Or,
the South-Sea Penitent.*

A

PASTORAL.

Thyrsis.

WH Y has my dearest Friend this Grotto chose,
Where the pale Yew, and pensive Poplar
grows?

Why does he thus sit sighing, and alone,
And to the Woods and Mountains make his Moan?

Can any Sorrow *Damon's* Heart possess,
Which *Thyrsis* will not pity or redress?

O vent the galling Secret of thy Heart,
And to thy faithful Friend thy Pains impart!

Whose sympathizing Sighs may ease thy Soul,
And Tears in Consort, all thy Tears condole.

Damon.

Damon.

Curfed forever Curfed be the day
When firft I fold my Flocks, and flung my Crook
away.

Before, How happy in my Rural Bow'rs,
In Mirth and Play, I fpent my harmlefs hours !
How oft have We within our Calm Retreat,
(Whilft on Each fide we heard our Lambkins bleat) }
Smil'd at the Troubles that attend the Great !
But yet (I know not how) *Ambition* fir'd
My Soul, and *Hopes of Gain* my thoughts inspir'd.
For thefe, I from thofe *Sacred Plains* withdrew, }
Bid all my Chearful Fellow Swains Adieu,
And to the BUSY WORLD in haft I flew. }
How can, my *Tyrfis* have a thought for me,
When faithlefs *Damon* would have none for thee ?

Menaleus.

Thyrfis alafs ! for *Damon* ftill doth bear
A Love as fixt, as bright, and as fincere, }
As when his fleecy Flocks flood grazing there.
But for the prefent I'll my Flame Conceal
Leaft I too long fhould interrupt your Tale.

Damon.

Soon as I fold my Flocks I bought a *Ship*,
Which plough'd in *Hopes of Gain*, the dang'rous Deep,
And

And (to my Wishes) shun'd the Tempests Roar
 The rugged Rocks, and Pyrates lawless Pow'r.
 Propitious Heaven regardful of my Pray'r,
 M' Effects from these secur'd, my Mind from Fear,
 And with *unenvied Wealth* rewarded all my Care.
 But Oh ! dear *Thyrsis*, sure my cruel Fate,
 Rais'd high my Joy, to make my Pains more great !
 She brought indeed a glorious Scene to View,
 But, to my Torment, soon that Scene withdrew.
 So from his Window the poor Prisoner spies
 A pleasant Plain, and feasts his greedy Eyes :
 But when he turns, and hears his ratling Chain,
 The Prospect proves but an Addition to his Pain.

Thyrsis.

Why my dear *Damon* would'st thou tempt thy Fate,
 And hazard *Greatness*, to be yet more *Great*?
 When Fortune had so far propitious been,
 Why didst thou not come back to us again ?
 Thou should'st have rul'd sole *Monarch* of our Plain.
 But thou, by blind Ambition hurry'd on,
 Was resolutely bent, like *Phaeton*,
 To drive the *Chariot of the Day*, or none.

Damon.

Had I to Wealth, *Virtue's* bright Precepts join'd,
 And with strong Reason fenc't my feeble Mind,
 I need not now my *Tragick Story* tell,
 Nor mourn the cursed Frauds by which I fell.

E

Near

Near to the ROYAL ROOURSE, a † *Dome* there lies
Where Knaves grow insolent by Gain, and Fools by
Loss grow wise :

On every Side are soft Enchantments seen,
But *Scylla* and *Charibdis* lurk within.
Yet such bewitching Charms delude the Eye
That few, (till 'tis too late) their Danger see.

Thus the unwary Traveller disdains
The common Road, and seeks the flow'ry Plains,
Thinking the Pleasure will reward his Pains :

But, to his Cost, he finds with much Surprise,
That in the verdant Grass the poysonous *Adder* lies.

† A FOURFOLD Path directs the Motly Throng,
Made up of every Nation, every Tongue :
Through which with eager Haste they thither run ;
Some to undo, but more to be undone.
To this damn'd Spot, a cursed Wily Crew
My heedless Steps by strong Enticements drew.

Thyrsis.

Tell me, dear *Damon*, how their Snares they laid,
What Arts they us'd thy Senses to invade,
And how thy Soul was so entire a Captive made.

Damon.

The Musick of the'r false deluding Tongues
Was soft and fatal as the *Syrens* Songs.

With

* *Jonathan's* Coffee-House.

† The Exchange-Alleys.

With *Heaps of promis'd Gold* they first essay'd,
 And brib'd my weaker Passions to their Aid.
 These gain'd, with Ease my Reason they controul'd,
 And soon prevail'd my inmost Thoughts t' unfold.
 Then Secrets deep with Freedom they disclos'd,
 And with assur'd Success, each new Design propos'd.

Thyrsis.

Could'st thou by specious Words alone be caught,
 And taken in a Net so slightly wrought?
 The bitter Pill is always gilded o're:
 With Ease, methinks, thou might such Frauds explore.

Damon.

With strong Deceit their artful Plots they form,
 And *Magick* Scenes of *Wealth*, their dark Intrigues adorn.
 And when these fail, as fail they sometimes will,
 And you begin to dread th' approaching Ill,
 A Thousand guileful Tales they strait contrive,
 To make the dying Hope in Expectation live.
 Thus charm'd, from Virtue's peaceful Paths I stray'd,
 And to recountless Ills, my thoughtless Soul betray'd.

Thyrsis.

Cease thy Complaint, thy Sighs and Tears give o're;
 If thou'lt resolve to lead *that Life* no more,

I will

I will thy *Stock* of *Sheep* and *Goats* renew,
A little *Cottage* I will give thee too,
That thou may'st bid the *busy, faithless World*

ADIEU

F I N I S.

Couldst thou by *poisonous Words* alone be caught,
And taken in a *Net* to *sinfully* wrought?
The *poor* *Soul* is *dear* to *God*,
And *He* will *not* *leave* *it* *in* *the* *hands* *of* *sinners*.



Which *poor* *Soul* *is* *dear* to *God*,
And *He* will *not* *leave* *it* *in* *the* *hands* *of* *sinners*.
The *poor* *Soul* *is* *dear* to *God*,
And *He* will *not* *leave* *it* *in* *the* *hands* *of* *sinners*.
The *poor* *Soul* *is* *dear* to *God*,
And *He* will *not* *leave* *it* *in* *the* *hands* *of* *sinners*.
The *poor* *Soul* *is* *dear* to *God*,
And *He* will *not* *leave* *it* *in* *the* *hands* *of* *sinners*.

THE

Give thy *Complaining* *Sighs* and *Tears* give o'er;
Shouldst resolve to lead a *Life* no more,
I will